Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS

SEVENTY

DYNAMITE

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

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In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Story by:
GARTH ENNIS

Art by:
RUSS BRAUN

Letters by:
SIMON BOWLAND

Colors by:
TONY AVIÑA

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

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Juan Collado, Chief Operating Officer
Joe Rybandt, Editor
Josh Johnson, Creative Director
Rich Young, Director Business Development
Jason Ullmeyer, Senior Designer
Josh Green, Traffic Coordinator
Chris Caniano, Production Assistant

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...SO D'YOU SEE WHAT I'M SAYIN'? D'YOU SEE WHAT I'M SAYIN', AYE?

IT'S LIKE, LIKE, LIKE EVERYTHIN' GETS TAKEN AWAY FROM ME, ***EVERYTHIN'***, I MEAN EVEN MY TRIP HOME WASN'T... WASN'T...IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE FOR ***ME***, SO I COULD SORT OUT WHAT WAS GOIN' ON IN MY HEAD, BUT IT ENDED UP BEIN' ABOUT BOBBY AN' DET AN' ANNIE...

AN' IN THE MEANTIME, LIKE, WHILE I'M SITTIN' AROUND AGONIZIN' ABOUT STUFF LIKE THIS, THE BUTCHERS AN' MALLORYS AN' VOUGHT-AMERICANS O' THE WORLD JUST ***GET ON WI' IT...!***

THE BLOODY DOORS OFF

part five

I MEAN THEY DO, DON'T THEY? THEY REALLY DO...
SURE.
YOU'RE NO' JUST SAYIN' THAT, I MEAN YOU DO KEN WHAT I'M ON ABOUT, AYE?
F.D.N.Y.
AMBULAN
EMS
EMS
POLICE
YOU BET.
LISTEN, CAN YOU SAY YOUR NAME FOR ME? YOUR NAME?
IT'S HUGHIE, AYE. WEE HUGHIE.
YOUR FULL NAME?
HUGH CAMPBELL.
OKAY, HOW ABOUT THE DATE? CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT--
WHOA.
IS THIS...?
ONE FOR THE P.D..
POLICE
NYPD
NYPD
NYPD
NYC T

LISTEN, THE GUY'S STILL IN SHOCK--

I DON'T CARE. GIVE IT BACK TO HIM.

SERIOUSLY, HE'S GOT A CONCUSSION...

GIVE IT BACK.

THERE YOU GO, SIR. THESE GUYS ARE ALL DONE.

AYE?

ANYTHING YOU NEED, ANYTHING WE CAN DO, DON'T HESITATE. OKAY?

ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, PAL.

HE'S GONNA TEAR MY ARMS AN' LEGS OFF AN' PUT THEM BACK IN THE WRONG SOCKETS.

ALL. RIGHT. FOR. YOU.

AW, SORT YERSELF OUT, YOU DOSS CUNT!

NYPT

HULLO?

HULLO...?

MAH BOOYYYY

HULLO THERE?

MAH BOOYYYYYH

UM...I...

I'M A FRIEND O' YER SON'S, MRS...

MRS. MILK?

IS THERE ANYONE ACTUALLY DOWN HERE...?

WHUH--!

?

MAH BOOYYYYYH

MAH BOOYYYYYY

NUH

YUH

AW, NOOOO...!

MAH BOOYYYYYY

OH JESUS--

NEVER TALK ABOUT THIS--

NEVER TELL ANYONE--

EVER--

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN TAKING THOSE?

YESTERDAY WAS BRUTAL.

MM.

I THOUGHT THIS MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO REVIEW AND REFLECT, IF ONLY TO PREVENT TODAY FROM BEING AS DIFFICULT.

SURE.

IT'S NOT GOING TO BE ENOUGH, IS IT?

THEY'VE BEEN HAMMERING AWAY AT US FOR TWO DAYS AND THEY'VE GOTTEN ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE. WE'VE STUCK TO OUR LINE. GIVEN NOTHING AWAY.

AND IT'S NOT GOING TO BE ENOUGH BECAUSE THEY WANT SOMEONE TO ***SWING*** FOR THIS...

GO ON.

AT THE START YOU SAID WE'D GONE TOO FAR. WE'D PUSHED PEOPLE BEYOND THE NOTION OF THE WORLD WORKING AS THEY SUSPECTED IT DID, OF WHAT EVEN THE MOST CYNICAL AND APATHETIC WOULD BE PREPARED TO LIVE WITH.

AND YOU WERE RIGHT, AND THAT'S WHAT'S GOING TO KILL US.

BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW MUCH DAMAGE CONTROL WE DO, OR HOW FAR DOWN IN THE DARK WE KEEP THE DAKOTA BOB PLAN: ***WE'VE GONE TOO FAR.***

HUNDREDS DEAD, INCLUDING A PRESIDENT. A BATTLE IN THE SKY, AN EXECUTION ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN. THE SUPES TURNING OUT TO BE RABID DEMONS, NOT MESSIAHS IN PRETTY COSTUMES.

IT'S ALL TOO MUCH, IT'S ALL GOING TO COME TUMBLING DOWN ON US, LIKE THE ROCKS THEY THROW AT A PUBLIC STONING...

SO WHAT DO WE DO?

WE--

MAKE A DEAL.

NO.

WAIT, LISTEN TO ME, WITH WHAT WE KNOW WE--

NO.

WE COULD GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT, A MONSTER, A VILLAIN, SOMETHING TO PUBLICLY--

NO.

JESSICA, WE CAN'T BETRAY OUR CORPORATION.

COMPANY LOYALTY. THE PRINCIPLE THAT STANDS BEFORE AND ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

VOUGHT-AMERICAN IS THE AIR THAT WE BREATHE. IT GIVES US LIFE. IT'S BIGGER THAN EITHER OF US, SEPARATELY OR TOGETHER; BIGGER THAN BREWSTER AND THE COTERIE OF LITTLE PEOPLE TRYING TO DESTROY US TO PROTECT IT.

IT GIVES OUR LIVES MEANING, AND IF YOU THINK THIS IS MERE HYPERBOLE, HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IMAGINING LIFE WITHOUT IT?

WE'VE GIVEN OUR TESTIMONY. THEY HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SHAKE US, THEY KNOW NO MORE THAN WHAT WE'VE DECIDED THEY SHOULD. LEGALLY, THEY CANNOT TOUCH US.

TAKE MY HAND. TAKE HEART.

IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY.

MISTER POTAMUS?

FUCK!

RIDE OF

BAGHDAD

WHAT'RE YOU--?

I--SHIT-- I JUST--

OH MY GOD, *YOU'RE* THE DOOR-WANKER...!

AIN'T MY FAULT, MAN! AIN'T MY FUCKIN' FAULT, THE DUDE PAID ME!

WHO PAID YOU?

THE DUDE, MAN!

BIG BRITISH DUDE, HE CAME TO ME TWO YEARS AGO! HE SAID HE DIDN'T WANT YOU LIVIN' HERE, HE PAID ME TO JERK OFF UNDER YOUR DOOR EVERY NIGHT SO YOU'D WANNA MOVE OUT!

HE SAID THE PLACE IS A FUCKIN' SHITHOLE, HE WANTED YOU LIVIN' SOMEWHERE BETTER...!

HE...HE...

WAIT A MINUTE, HE SAID YOUR PLACE WAS A SHITHOLE, BUT YOU'RE HAPPY TO WANK OFF UNDER MY DOOR FOR HIM...?

HE PAID ME.

AN'...YOU WERE TRYNNA DRIVE ME OUT, BUT YOU STILL DIDN'T MIND FEEDIN' MY HAMSTER FOR ME WHEN I WAS AWAY?

YOU PAID ME.

BUT...

HHHH.

RIGHT, THEN.

GOTTA GO.

MISTER POTAMUS, WHY IS THERE BLOOD IN IT?

AIN'T THERE S'POSED TO BE?

RIDE OF BACKDAD

I CAN'T STOP HIM, JAMIE.

I MEAN IT'S PURE HIM, ISN'T IT?

PAYIN' SOME FUCKIN' HEAD-THE-BALL TO DO WHATEVER, THEN JUST WALKIN' AWAY. LETTIN' THE CHAOS DESCEND ON FOLK.

I CAN SEE HIS FACE, I CAN HEAR HIM LAUGHIN', IT'S ONE O' THOSE THINGS HE ALMOST DOES JUST 'CAUSE IT'S ***FUNNY***--AN' IF I HAD MOVED OUT, SO MUCH THE BETTER...

IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW STRONG I MAKE MYSELF, HE'S GONNA BE AHEAD O' ME EVERY STEP O' THE WAY.

I'LL ALWAYS BE RUNNIN' TO CATCH UP. I JUST DON'T KEN HOW TO BE THAT... RANDOM.

BECAUSE THE DIFFERENCE IS HE ENJOYS IT, DOESN'T HE?

DOESN'T HE, JAMIE?

EH?

I'LL HAVE TO PHONE MONKEY. TURN IT OVER TO HIM. THERE'S NO WAY I CAN DO THIS WITHOUT M.M. AN' FRENCHIE AN' HER.

AN' IF THEY DO END UP KILLIN' ME, FUCK IT. MAYBE I CAN JUST ABOUT BE THAT BRAVE.

CAMPBELL?

HULLO THERE, MONKEY. LISTEN, I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS AN' BAD NEWS: THE GOOD NEWS IS YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE TO SAVE THE--

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT'S GOING ON?

LISTEN, WHAT IN GOD'S NAME HAPPENED AT THE FLATIRON LAST NIGHT? AND WHAT'S BUTCHER DOING AT THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING?

SAY THAT AGAIN...?

THE FLATIRON BUILDING, YOUR OFFICE, DON'T YOU EVEN KNOW--

NO' THAT. THE OTHER THING. WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?

HHHH...WHENEVER YOU PEOPLE SHOW YOUR IDENTIFICATION TO LAW ENFORCEMENT, A BRIEF REPORT GOES INTO THE SYSTEM, WHERE, WHEN, EXPLANATION GIVEN--IF ANY.

BUTCHER ENTERED THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING TWENTY MINUTES AGO AND ORDERED IT EVACUATED. ALL FLOORS, EVERYONE PRESENT, HE CITED A POSSIBLE TERRORIST ATTACK.

ARE THE SUPES TRYING AGAIN, OR SOMETHING? DID THEY HIT YOU FIRST?

CAMPBELL?

SOMETIMES IT IS.

SOMETIMES LIFE'S AS BIG AN' MAD AN' FUCKIN' WIDESCREEN AS IT DESERVES TO BE.

CAMPBELL, ARE YOU STILL THERE, YOU--

...SOME FEDERAL THING, WE HOPPED TO IT. BUT IF THIS IS CONNECTED TO WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT, I'D LIKE--

WE APPRECIATE ALL YOUR HELP, CAPTAIN. OUR PEOPLE CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE.

OKAY, BECAUSE THE GUY--THE ORDERS GIVEN WERE TO EVACUATE AS A PRECAUTION. I DIDN'T GET ANY CRITICAL SENSE OF URGENCY.

PLEASE JUST CARRY ON WORKING WITH US AS YOU'VE BEEN DOING. KEEP EVERYONE OUT OF THE BUILDING 'TIL YOU HEAR FROM ME.

EXIT

86th Floor

ALL RIGHT?

AYE.

I KEN HOW MUCH YOU LOVE THE PLACE, SO I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT ONE LAST LOOK BEFORE BLOWIN' IT ALL TO FUCK.

IT'S LIKE SOME STUPID BLOODY MOVIE. SMASH DOWN ALL THE BEAUTIFUL BUILDIN'S 'CAUSE YOU LIKE THE WAY THEY LOOK WHEN THEY FALL.

I MEAN HAS THIS CITY NO' SUFFERED ENOUGH...?

NAH, AIN'T NONE O' THE SPECIAL SURPRISE PACKAGES SET UP LOCALLY, HUGHIE. I'M JUST UP HERE TO GET LINE O' SIGHT FOR THE SIGNAL.

THAT AN' THE VIEW, O' COURSE.

AW, GREAT, SO ALL THE AVERAGE NEW YORKER'S GOTTA WORRY ABOUT'S HIS FUCKIN' HEAD EXPLODIN'. IF HE'S ONE O' THE UNLUCKY WHO-KNOWS-WHAT PERCENT.

AN' I'M MEANT TO STOP YOU, IS THAT IT? WOULD YOU MIND TELLIN' ME HOW IN THE NAME O' GOD YOU CAME UP WI' THAT?

DUNNO EXACTLY.

I'D BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT DOIN' THIS FOR AGES. HAD HALF AN IDEA SOMEONE OUGHTA HAVE A CHANCE AT STICKIN' A SPANNER IN THE WORKS.

I MEAN IT AIN'T THE SORTA THING YOU DO LIGHTLY, WIPIN' OUT A GOOD CHUNK O' THE HUMAN RACE...

THAT'S INSANE.

YEAH, I KNOW.

I'VE ALREADY GOT THAT FEELIN' I GET, SOMETIMES. WHENEVER I REALLY FUCKIN' GO FOR IT.

WHICH IS...?

LIKE I'M SOMEWHERE ELSE WATCHIN' IT HAPPEN.

OH, WELL THAT'S PURE DEAD BRILLIANT, THAT IS. I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE SECURITY FELLA AT THE FLATIRON THAT, IF THEY EVER MANAGE TO DIG HIM OUT. AN' THE BOY WAS DRIVIN' PAST GOT BLINDED, AN' THE LASSIE LOST BOTH LEGS.

THERE YOU GO. EVEN AT FIVE A.M. THERE'S COLLATERAL.

YEAH, I KNOW. BUT IT HAD TO BE DONE.

WHY. 'CAUSE SOMEBODY HAD SOME BIG BLOODY PLAN?

BUT I GET THE IDEA. I REALLY DO.

THE CITY'S LEGO AN' PEOPLE ARE TOYS: YOU SOUND LIKE A FUCKIN' *SUPERVILLAIN*...

AH, NOW YOU'RE FIGHTIN' DIRTY, HUGHIE.

GOOD FOR YOU.

I--

YOU'RE STILL SCARED O' ME, AIN'T YOU?

EH--?

'COURSE YOU ARE.

YOU NEVER COULD LOOK ME IN THE EYE FOR ALL THAT LONG. STILL CAN'T.

CAN YOU EVEN SAY ME NAME?

YEAH, THERE YOU ARE.

HMH.

RRAAAAAAAAHHH!!

HUGHIE, DON'T BE A CUNT--!

RRAAHH!!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH

FUCK!

AAAAAAAHH!!

FUCK! FUCK, HUGHIE, THAT'S ME BAD HAND!

OH JESUS! DON'T LET GO! OH GOD!

GRAB ON, FOR FUCK'S SAKE!

AAAAAH, NOT ME HAND, YOU TWAT, ME ARM!

SORRY--!

HA HA HA HA HA, JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST...!

SORRY! I'M SORRY! SORRY!

WH-WH-WH-WH-WHAT'RE YOU LAUGHIN' FOR--?

AFTER EVERYTHIN'S HAPPENED--

YOU'RE SAYIN' SORRY TO ME.